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Ouseley on Musical Form.*

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The subject of Musical Form, although by no means difficult in itself nor uninteresting, is probably the least understood of any department of Musical Theory. This is excusable for English-speaking amateurs, for until this book appeared I believe there was no treatise on the subject in English, except a very meagre and unsatisfactory "Outline" made by the present writer some years ago. In Germany the case is better, for there are several treatises more or less extended, from the glittering and high-sounding generalizations of Marx, which lead the pupil to imagine that he knows the whole subject when in fact he has merely a vague glimpse of it, to the misty and confused, yet after all practical manual of Richter, and quite a number of smaller works known to me only by report. Besides, the course of study in the best German schools recognizes the true source of knowledge of Form, (viz.: the usage of genius) and requires of the student copious analyses of classic master-pieces.

Owing to the scarcity of books on this subject in English, it was with great pleasure that I procured a copy of Prof. Ouseley's new treatise. The book is an elegantly-printed one, ("Clarendon press") and sells at a high price. It is also clear so far as it attempts to teach anything, but all it tries to teach might as well have been done in twenty pages as the hundred and fifty here spoiled. For, to be perfectly plain about it, a more unsatisfactory and slipshod "treatise" I have never seen from the hand of a well-educated author; the justice of which condemnation I hope to show in the sequel. But first let us briefly outline the subject of "Form," as it is expounded by the best authorities.

The foundation of Musical Form is found in the three principles of Symmetry, Unity, and Contrast. Observe, I say "contrast," and not "variety," as many writers do. But why "contrast" and not "variety?" Contrast, I answer, is definite; variety is indefinite. There may be almost infinite variety and yet no contrast. Variety may be foolish, a freak of meaningless modification; contrast is intelligent, co-ordinative, comprehensive. Contrast is one of the elements that gives Beethoven's music the precedence over Mozart's. Form, then, rests on Symmetry, Unity, and Contrast.

The unit of form is the Period; the molecules are Motives, Phrases, and Sections. A motive is a germ, or as Lobe says, "the figural contents of one measure." When from a motive we rise to a Phrase, it may be in either of three ways: by strict sequence, that is, with no new material; or second, by the help of new material;

* A Treatise on Musical Form and General Composition by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. M. A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in Oxford University.

al. For example, let these be the two motives combined to make a phrase:



Here we have an antecedent. With two other motives we make another phrase, a consequent of the first, since it brings us to a partial repose:



Here we have out of two phrases a section, which is as a whole an antecedent, to which must follow the consequent:



Here in all we have a period: "a melodic formation consisting of two similar sections, standing to each other in the relation of antecedent and consequent." The period becomes shortened by shortening one or more phrases, and when shortened, of course less satisfactory. It becomes lengthened by extending the cadence formula like a coda, or by repeating the two measures immediately preceding the cadence. It becomes complex when composed of three or more sections, a formation commonly arrived at in repeating the first section in another key, a habit of Schubert's, for example. This treatment of the period when fully carried out, is extremely fine, and for it we are indebted to Richter.

Next the period-group requires attention. The "period-group" is, I fancy, a notion of Lobe's. Period-groups are dependent or independent. The independent period-groups are the song-forms of two or three periods—possibly four. Dependent period-groups are of various character, such as "transitional," "concluding," "elaborated," names pointing to traits of their harmonic treatment and their relation to the larger works of which they form part.

The song-forms contain each but one principal subject.

The forms containing more than one subject are the following:

Song-form with Trio, in which the song-form is the principal and the trio the second, each being complete and finished in itself. Forms containing two or more subjects are those called "Rondo" by Marx, a term which he

* This definition I get from a friend, Prof. J. C. Fillmore (of Ripon College) who has translated Richter's *Formlehre*, but I am sure he found nothing so neat and definite in that.

stretches so as to make it cover the *Adagio* in the *Sonata Pathétique*. The rondo forms are five as he gives them.†

2nd Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode, Principal, Conclusion.
Example: *Adagio* in *Sonata in F*, Beethoven, Op. 2.

3rd Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode I, Principal, Episode II, Principal, Conclusion.

Example: *Adagio* in *Sonata Pathétique*.

4th Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode I, Principal, Episode II, Principal, Episode I, Conclusion.

Example: *Finale to Sonata in C*, op. 2, Beethoven.

5th Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode I, Conclusion, :| Episode II, Principal, Episode I, Conclusion.

Example: *Finale to Sonata in F*, Op. 2, Beethoven.

Sonata-Piece.*

The principal and characteristic movement of the sonata.

Its plan is:

1. Principal, Episode, Conclusion: (Repeat from beginning.)

2. Elaborated part: Principal, Episode, Conclusion.

Example: the first movement of any of the regular sonatas.

The second part, the *Durchführungs-Satz*, as Richter calls it, is extended to dimensions about equal to each of the other two divisions in the sonata-piece. All of these forms admit of transitional periods and period-groups *ad lib.*, and in long pieces they abound. Here we have a perfectly consistent and logical development. The forms are all symmetrical and admit of perfect unity; as they get wider they permit a greater variety of contrast, while in the sonata-piece we have, through the elaborated periods which follow the repeat, the strongest possible aesthetic contrast, with no sacrifice of unity at all.

Of the Sonatas as a whole, of course I need not speak. In the proper treatment of these lies the whole of Musical Form, since other forms are but modification of them. For this idea of a systematic development we are indebted to Marx; for the clear treatment of the sonata-piece, to Richter. Turning now to the work by the English Professor, what do we find? A very pleasant treatment of the simple period, with no adequate explanation of shortened, extended, and complex periods, (points of vital importance to whoever would analyze the classics); after which he gives us the whole of Form in two chapters.

Prof. Ouseley recognizes seven forms, which he says "have been adopted and commended to us by the best classical composers." The principal ones are the following: 1. The Ancient Binary Form. 2. The Modern Binary

* In place of the German *Hauptriffsatz* I use "Principal," and for *Seitensatz* "Episode."

* German *Sonatasatz*.

Form. 3. The Ternary Form. 4. The Minuet form. 5. The Rondo Form. 6. The Variations Form. 7. The Fugue Form. He gives two patterns of what he calls the Ancient Binary Form.

No. 1.

- i. Principal melody, say sixteen bars, in principal key.
- ii. Combining passages modulating simply and quickly into the key of the dominant.
- iii. Second melody, in dominant, key concluding the first division, with or without a "repeat."
- iv. Principal melody (No. 1.) transposed into key of Dominant, and perhaps curtailed slightly.
- v. Combining passages, modulating simply and briefly into original key.
- vi. Second melody transposed into original key, and so concluding the whole piece.

No. 2.

- i. Principal melody in principal key, leading into
- ii. Secondary melody, in the key of the Dominant; after which a return to the original melody curtailed, concluding in the same with double bar, and a repeat.
- iii. New melody, in relative major or minor (as the case may be), treated with secondary melody, etc., exactly like the former division, and ending in the same key as it begins; then Da Capo, the original first division, ending at the first double bar.

"Most of Handel's songs are written in one or other of the above varieties of this form."

His "Modern Binary Form" is in effect that of the *Sonatasatz*, and therefore I do not copy his long analysis. His "Ternary Form" I confess myself unable to quite make out; it seems to be either the second or third rondo form as applied to slow movements. Then follows the "Minuet-form" and Rondos. There are two schemes of rondo. I give both:

First Rondo Form, derived from Binary Form.

First Division.

- i. First original theme, with accessory melodies, etc., often ending with theme repeated.
- ii. Bridge to lead from first to second theme.
- iii. Second original theme, in new key.
- iv. Accessory ideas and passages modulating back to
- v. First theme curtailed and repeated in its original key.

Second Division.

1st Sub-section.

- vi. Perpetual modulations and developments of both themes.
- vii. Half close on dominant (pedal) of original key.
- viii. First theme in extenso, but without accessories. It may be slightly varied or embroidered.

2nd Sub-section.

- ix. Accessory passages and episodical developments, leading into
- x. Second theme in original key.
- xi. Short accessory developments leading into first theme in original key, curtailed.
- xii. Coda and conclusion.

Second Rondo Form, derived from Ternary Form.

First Division.

- i. Exposition of original theme and accessory melodies, with slightly modulating passages leading to
- ii. Original theme in same key, but curtailed.
- iii. Begin in new key with new themes, and slight modulations, leading back to same key.
- iv. Bridge, or accessory ideas, modulating back to

- v. First theme in original key, uncurtailed.
- vi. Modulating developments formed out of all previous themes, but ultimately leading back to
- vii. First theme in original key, varied and curtailed.
- viii. Coda and conclusion.

Then follows his treatment of the "Air and Variations" and an allusion to the Fugue form. The former contains directions for composing variations, one of which is that: "N. B. In making variations the original bass and harmony should *never* be altered"—a rule requiring to be taken with a very liberal grain of salt.

The theoretical part of this treatise is supplemented with eighty or ninety pages of examples, which would have been valuable if well selected and competently explained. Unfortunately, however, the larger part of this space (over fifty pages) is taken up with a *Sonata* "composed in the style of the Mozart epoch" by the author himself, which, of course, illustrates nothing, unless it be the composer's comprehension of his own theories. For Grammar, of which "Form" is a part, is the analysis of music, and its conclusions are determined by the usage and consent of genius. What was wanted in this part of the work, then, was copious illustrations from Mozart and Beethoven, or at least references to them. He has in a number of instances expressed himself in a way leaving no doubt that by "modern binary form" he means the *Sonatasatz*. His rondo forms are entirely unlike anything with which I am acquainted, and are not supported by even a single reference to a classical or any reputable author. The ternary form is nowhere illustrated save in the *adagio* to his own *sonata*, and there is no reference to examples elsewhere. It approaches the form of the *Adagio* in the *Sonata Pathétique*.

On the whole, therefore, I regard my condemnation of the book as fully maintained. But at this point I am liable to the charge of having myself promulgated certain formulas of form and then condemning a distinguished author because he promulgates different ones. To this I reply, the formulas which I have borrowed from Marx and Richter and promulgated in English, illustrate the prominent features of all the forms from those of single period up to the *Sonata*, and are supported by copious examples from Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and others. Especially are these formulas satisfactory when applied to Beethoven, since they explain all of his works.

Prof. Ouseley's formulas, on the other hand, do not place the Principal and Episode in proper prominence, and very inadequately explain (if at all) the forms of classical instrumental music as we meet them in practice. Besides, there is no excuse for this kind of slackness, for an edition of Beethoven's Sonatas has been accessible in Germany for some years (Lebert and Stark's), in which the principal points of the forms are indicated by the marks, H. S. (*Hauptsatz*), S. S. (*Seitensatz*), Sch. S. (*Schlussatz*), etc.

If anything could console me for the sketchiness and incompleteness of my own early work, it would be to find a Professor in Oxford perpetrating such a book as this. All of which is respectfully submitted in the hope of saving

some other credulous aspirant after knowledge, from wasting a five dollar bill, which was good as gold, to some extent.

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The Nibelungen Trilogy at Bayreuth.

THIRD DAY—SIEGFRIED.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Siegfried is the hero born of the union of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and destined to be the agent in repairing the wrong done in the theft of the Ring and at the same time of bringing the reign of the divinities of Walhalla to an end. Sieglinde died in giving birth to him, and the child was brought up by the dwarf Mime, who hoped to use him in recovering the Ring and the Tarn helmet. The instrumental introduction made use of the anvil motive, and when the curtain drew back we saw the dim interior of a great cavern in a wood. On the left was a smithy, with a glowing fire and an anvil, where Mime sat hammering at a sword blade. On the right a few steps led up to the opening of this rocky retreat, and beyond we saw a beautiful vista of forest, with golden light bathing the foliage. It was not a scene to astonish and bewilder the spectator, like that of the depths of the Rhine, but it was a picture whose tone and composition delighted the artistic taste and pleased us better and better the more we looked at it. There was less of decoration and mechanism employed in "Siegfried," and fewer characters appeared upon the stage than in any of the other divisions of the work, and yet the effects, musical and dramatic alike, far surpassed those of the previous evenings. Mime was a personage of inferior importance in "The Rheingold;" here he became one of the chief actors in the story, and the remarkable ability of which the representative of the part gave proof on Sunday evening was now illustrated with much greater fullness. Herr Schlosser of Munich, to whom this role was allotted, is highly esteemed as a delineator of "character parts," and in Mime he seemed to find a congenial opportunity. The dwarf was malevolent and hypocritical. In the opening scene he sat scowling and complaining over his work. He could not make a weapon strong enough for the volvings. Brands that the giants might have wielded Siegfried shattered with a single blow. Only the sword of Siegmund, broken against Wotan's spear, would fit his hand, but all the art of the dwarf could not mend that terrible blade. Mime was still hammering and lamenting, in a song of great vigor and a certain rhythmic regularity, when the merry notes of a horn were heard in the wood, and Siegfried came bounding in, driving a bear by a rope. Georg Unger, who personated the hero, is a tall, handsome, well-built fellow, with a robust, half-trained tenor voice of good quality, and a free and dashing manner. Dressed in a short coat of skins, with bare arms, flowing yellow hair, short beard, and a silver horn slung at his belt, he was at any rate in appearance an ideal hero of the Northern race. He amused himself a while with Mime's fear of the bear; he tried the sword just made for him, and broke it at the first trial; he threw himself in anger on a couch of skins; he repulsed the dwarf's advances, and dashed from his hand the proffered food and drink. When Siegfried came into the cavern, it was as if a high wind fresh from the fir-clad mountains swept through those dark recesses. There was a wonderful scene when the dwarf drew close and began to tell what he had done for him, how he had found him as a helpless child, and fed and clothed him—

Als zullendes Kind
Zog ich dich auf,
Wärme mit Kleiden
Den kleinen Wurm,

and how he got no thanks for his pains. And Siegfried frankly replied that he did not love the dwarf, and could not love him. In this scene an exquisite melody, of which great use is made afterward, is given to the violoncello. The psychological distinction between the two characters was preserved in the music and strongly marked by the actors also. Siegfried, impatient of Mime's hypocrisy, at last insisted upon knowing the secret of his birth. He extorted from the dwarf the story of his mother's death and of the broken sword, the narrative being interrupted by the constant attempt of Mime to recur to the catalogue of his benefactions, "Als zullendes Kind zog ich dich auf," which Siegfried checked with angry impetuosity. "That," he cried, "shall be my sword. Weld the pieces for me this very day, and I will go forth into the world, free as the fish in the stream and the bird in the air." So,

with a melody of characteristic strength and freshness,

"Wie der Fisch froh
In der Fluth schwimmt,
Wie der Fink frei
Sich davon schwingt"—

he dashed into the sunlight and disappeared.

THE FORGING OF THE SWORD.

The whole had been vivid, dramatic, and elevated even above the common level of this work. Now we were to have another equally impressive, but in a very different style. Close upon the departure of Siegfried entered Wotan, in the disguise of the Wanderer, a character which he preserves throughout this division of the play. A broad hat half concealed his features. A dark blue mantle hid his figure. A reddish beard fell over his breast. His spear with the potent runes served for a staff. A glow of light, so artfully thrown that it seemed to radiate from his face, indicated to the spectator the presence of a supernatural being. He asked for hospitality and was rudely repulsed, but seating himself by the cavern fire he staked his head upon his ability to answer any three questions the dwarf might choose to put him. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the ensuing dialogue. The majestic utterances of the god were clothed in music of the most elevated and imposing character. The craft of the dwarf found expression in strangely contrasted strains, while the figure of the actor, as he crouched ungainly by his anvil, questioning, musing, losing himself in perplexity over his strange visitor, was a bit of realistic personation which I shall not soon forget. All this time of course the orchestra continued its great work of illustration and suggestion. "What race lives in the bowels of the earth?"—here we heard the same motive which accompanied our introduction to the caves of Nibelheim in "The Rhinegold." What race works on the earth's back?"—here came again the tramp of the giants as it fell upon our ears when they went to fetch away Freia. "Who dwells in the cloudy heights?"—the oft-repeated motive, which symbolizes the power and glory of the gods, came to us with the answer. Mime in his turn was able to reply when the Wanderer asked him about the volusungs and the virtues of the broken sword Nothung; but who might mend that sword he could not tell. "Only he who has never known fear shall weld Nothung anew," exclaimed the god, and so saying he went forth again into the forest, and as he went a mighty music, as of rushing winds and the tossing boughs of great forests, rose out of the orchestra, and lightning flashed in the sky. Mime, remembering that Siegfried knew not fear, sank trembling to the ground. There was a short impressive scene in which Mime portrayed his terror, while the bass tuba, to which Wagner has given such great power of expression, uttered underneath the orchestral accompaniment a suggestive passage of its own. The dwarf cowered behind his anvil. Suddenly the music changed; we heard in the forest the voice of Siegfried; the breezy song which followed him when he rushed forth in the earlier part of the act recurred again, and he burst into the cave, calling loudly for the sword. Mime, still agitated and bewildered, repeated only the words of Wotan:

"Nur wer das Fürchten nie erfuhrt
Schmiedet Nothung neu."

Roused at last, he tried to teach Siegfried fear. He told him of Fafner, who in the form of a dragon kept guard over the treasure of the Nibelungs, in a lonely region called Neidhole. But Siegfried's spirits only rose the higher at the tale. He longed to attack the dragon. He demanded to be led to the spot. He called for the pieces of his father's sword, and welded them himself by the dwarf's forge. As he stood with his hand on the bellows-rope, and the flames glowed about the iron, he sang the great Song of the Smithy:

"Nothung, Nothung,
Neidliches Schwert!
Was mustest du zerspringen?"

—a song to be given with full chest and head erect and a bold and manly voice, a song that breathes of heroism in every note, and rouses the coldest listener to a passionate delight. It is difficult to write of this long scene in Mime's cavern without an appearance of exaggerated enthusiasm, but the strongest possible praise would not be too strong for such an extraordinary creation of genius, and I am sure that there was hardly an intelligent man in the theatre who did not feel his pulses beating quicker and quicker as the act developed itself. The blade was drawn red from the fire, hammered and tempered and fitted to the hilt (let me remark here that the forge and fire were real, and they were real

sparks which flew from the iron when it was beaten on the anvil). Siegfried's exultation rose as he drew near the end of his task; with every repetition of the song, "Nothung, Nothung, ho-ho! ha-hei! ho-ho! ha-hei!" the excitement increased, till the sword was finished, and he tested it by striking a terrible blow upon the anvil, cleaving the iron block in twain. Then the curtain fell.

SIEGFRIED AND THE DRAGON.

In the second act, a portentous Vorspiel, we saw the exterior of Fafner's cave, a huge pile of rocks filling the background, a forest opening on the left, beautiful spreading trees and clumps of reeds extending toward the front. It was dark night, and we dimly discerned the figure of a man leaning against the rocks. It was Alberich, who haunted the spot where his stolen treasures lay hid. There was a fine scene between him and the Wanderer, Wotan, over which, as it was somewhat episodic in a dramatic sense, I may pass briefly, only remarking that according to his custom Wagner gives the god here a sort of solemn declamation, while the melody, which is of the most exquisite kind, is assigned almost entirely to the orchestra. The noise of a storm-wind and a sudden gleam of light followed Wotan as he disappeared from the stage. Then day began to dawn. The faint twilight was followed by the rosy blush, and in the growing light the beauty of the foliage revealed itself. Mime led Siegfried upon the scene and showed him the cave of the dragon which he was to kill. For the dwarf, since he had not been able to prevent the young volusung from getting possession of the terrible sword which was to conquer the dragon, had resolved first to aid him in his enterprise and then to kill him and secure the treasures. Here again, as in the first act, the characters and purposes of the dwarf and the hero were wonderfully discriminated in the music. When Mime had gone away Siegfried threw himself upon a grassy bank at the foot of a tree. And now began a pastoral scene of delicious delicacy and elegance. The orchestral part of what followed has been called almost symphonic in its character, as it certainly is in its beauty and richness. As Siegfried in a charming strain of tenderness, such as he had not hitherto shown, mused on the history of his birth, and gave voice to the half-defined aspirations which drove him into the world, the orchestra filled the scene with the music of nature. The still woods woke to life with the rising of the sun. The murmur of rustling leaves, the sighing of the waving branches, the whirr of myriads of insects, the morning greeting of the birds, rose and fell upon the air. It was the birds at last that drew Siegfried from his reverie. "Ah," he cried, "how often have I tried to understand their song! Let me imitate it, and perhaps I shall know what it says." He made a pipe from a reed which he cut with his sword. The futile attempt to reproduce the music of the feathered tribes on this rude instrument is treated by Wagner with considerable humor. Siegfried threw away his whistle, and seating himself at the foot of a tree took up his silver horn. "This at least," said he, "I can play." He wound upon it an exceedingly pretty and merry tune, the effect of the scene being greatly helped by the fact that the horn passage was played not in the orchestra, as is usual in such cases, but by a performer concealed behind the tree.

The horn aroused the giant Fafner, and we saw him in dragon's guise (the German text calls him a "great worm") roll out of the cave. The machine was big enough for a man to stand upright inside its head, and the voice of the Fafner of the first evening issued from its chasm of a throat. The battle that ensued was short and, to tell the plain truth, rather absurd. In drawing his sword from the body of the slain dragon some of the blood fell upon Siegfried's hand; it burned like fire, and he put his hand to his mouth. Instantly the understanding of the language of birds came to him. From the branches overhead we heard a light soprano voice, in phrases which most ingeniously wedded articulate speech to bird-like tones, direct Siegfried to enter the cavern and secure the helmet and the ring. We heard it again warn him against the treachery of Mime, and behold the dwarf, when he approached, was made to utter not the false professions that were framed on his lips but the malice and murderous purpose that lurked in his heart. He offered a poisoned drink, and Siegfried slew him, threw his body into the cave, and blocked up the entrance with the carcass of the dragon. It would be useless to try to describe the music of this animated scene, or rather I should say this succession of scenes all crowded with incident. Every action had its appropriate accompaniment, every word fit-

ted exactly its musical expression. There is no such thing as analyzing music which changes as rapidly and freely as the shapes in the evening sky. At one moment the orchestra told us of quarrel and conflict. The next, it brought back the music of the words, as Siegfried stretched himself beneath the trees and in gentle accents, lamenting his desolate condition, asked counsel of his friends the birds. Again the pretty voice came from the tree-tops. It told him of Brünnhilde, and bade him penetrate the barrier of fire, and win the most glorious of women for his bride. Siegfried started to his feet. A new passion burned in his veins, and with the first experience of love, his music took a changed character. He was no longer the rosy and bare-limbed young savage, rejoicing in his freedom and strength; higher aims and deeper feelings than he had yet known made him another man. At his call a bird fluttered down from the trees to show him his way, and led by this strange guide he set forth for the rock of fire.

BRÜNNHILDE'S AWAKENING.

The third act was introduced by an orchestral passage of a sombre and mysterious character, with sustained harmonies of marked importance for the trumpets and trombones. Again the curtain rose upon night and a wild landscape. Steep rocks stretched across the background and over them lowered an angry sky. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed from the clouds. Hither came Wotan, the Wanderer, to call up Erda for counsel and prophecy. At his summons a faint bluish light began slowly to appear in a hollow of the rocks, and we saw dimly the figure of a woman clothed in black robes and a silvery veil rise half into view. Little by little, while the solemn music went on, the form became more distinct and radiated a stronger light. But Erda would give no advice in the coming crisis of the divinities of Walhalla. She had parted with her wisdom to Brünnhilde, and when Wotan told her how he had imprisoned the Valküre in sleep and fire, Erda veiled her head in dismay and was silent. The god foresaw the downfall of his race through the triumph of human free will in the person of Siegfried, but in accents of inimitable dignity and saeliness he avowed that he did not regret it, and after a scene of great power, pervaded by a dignified pathos, he commanded Erda to sink again to her everlasting sleep; the light faded away, and the Wanderer was left alone. The storm had now ceased, and dawn began to show in the sky. With the morning light came Siegfried following his bird, which fluttered a moment upon the scene and then disappeared among the rocks. Here then was the path to Brünnhilde's prison, but when Siegfried attempted to pursue the way, Wotan withstood him, and barred the approach with his spear. A blow with the sword Nothung cut the spear in two. The power of the gods was forever broken. While the ponderous motive in the bass, so often cited, was thundered forth—this time, however, with halting and disturbed rhythm, to indicate that the law was at last fulfilled—lightning flashed, flames began to gleam among the rocks, and Wotan disappeared. Siegfried hailed the outbreak of the flames with cries of joy, and as they gradually overspread the rocks his exultation rose. He plunged into the midst of them. We saw him for a few moments pushing forward, and then the clouds of red steam rising from below and the ruddy vapors dropping from above enveloped the whole scene. In a moment a curtain of gauze had fallen across the stage, and behind it the whole theatre seemed to be wrapped in flame and curling smoke. The orchestra meanwhile continued an interlude in which there was a marvelous combination of the two characteristic melodies of Siegfried with one of the motives of Wotan's Farewell in the last scene of "The Valküre."

When the flames died down we looked upon the other side of the barrier of fire—the summit of Brünnhilde's rock, as in the 3d Act of "The Valküre." Brünnhilde lay as Wotan left her. The helm over her face, the long shield covering her body. In the background the glow of advancing day struggled with the fading light of the flames, when Siegfried mounted the rocks and came upon the scene. He raised the shield and helmet, he cut the fastenings of the armor, and Brünnhilde, waking from her sleep, recognized in the young volusung her appointed deliverer. The whole of this last scene was virtually a love duet of the most impassioned character, its spirit changing as Brünnhilde, no more a goddess, but now in heart and impulse a woman, was swayed in turn by fear, by trust, by modest tenderness and burning love, and Siegfried gave loose rein to feelings which seemed to engross his

whole nature. Love duets alike of the tender and the fiery sort are common enough in operatic music, but no one has ever written a scene like this which startles the listener with the dramatic truth of every phrase and evidences of such deep insight into the human heart. [?] It has all the characteristic eloquence and clearness of Wagner's peculiar form of melodic declamation, and a great deal of what the least cultivated ear recognizes as suave and well-defined melody. The composer resorts in it to a common device of the older schools which he seldom allows himself, employing the two voices in concert instead of alternately, and the rapturous finale reminds one somewhat of the Italian *stretta*. Here *Frau Materna*, the only woman living, I am sure, who could sing Brünnhilde, was superb. Unger was not a bad Siegfried. Wagner chose him mainly for his fine figure and bearing, and when he began to study his part he was a musician of very ordinary abilities. He has still a great deal to learn; above all he has to learn how to avoid shouting and to keep his voice clear and true through a long and difficult performance. But minor defects of interpretation were lost sight of in the effect of a scene which roused the whole audience to extraordinary excitement, and brought the evening to a glorious close.

J. R. G. H.

FOURTH DAY—GOETTERDAEMMERUNG.

BAYREUTH, Aug. 17.—There is a constant upward progress in the four divisions of Wagner's enormous opera. "Siegfried" is greater than "The Walküre," just as "The Walküre" surpasses "The Rheingold," and to-night we reach an overpowering climax in "The Götterdämmerung" ("Dusk of the Gods"), for whose splendors even the three previous performances hardly prepared us. Music, decoration, and dramatic interest here rise to what the bewildered spectator believes must be their last expression; and moreover in this as in the other divisions the climax is reached gradually, the last act in every case being the most impressive, and the anticipations of the audience kept constantly alert until the final dropping of the curtain. "The Dusk of the Gods" has for its special subject the atonement by Siegfried and the extinction of the glories of Valhalla. It begins with a mournful prophecy of the approaching end. When the stage was disclosed, after a very brief prelude, the three Nornes, or Fates (one of whom was personated by the celebrated Johanna Wagner), were desirous by the dim light on Brünnhilde's rock. They threw to one another the golden rope of fate, and in its strands read with dismay of misfortunes to the gods. The music here, the most significant part of which was given—according to Wagner's frequent usage—to the orchestra and not to the voices, was full of mysterious and solemn portent. At last the rope parted, and crying out that the end had come, the Nornes, locked in each other's arms, sank into the earth. Day broke slowly, and with the increasing light the orchestra gave us the first hint of a new and most charming melody, upon which, combined with a motive often heard last evening, Wagner has built up a magnificent and moving scene between Siegfried and Brünnhilde. The hero, in full armor, was now to go forth in quest of honor and adventure, and the Walkyrie, giving him her horse, took leave of him in a duet which combined, as no other music does in the world, the lofty heroic spirit inspiring the whole tragedy with the ardent woman's love which constitutes one of its main springs of action. Here again Materna, who bears upon her strong shoulders so much of the burden of the last three nights moved and electrified the whole house. Husband and wife exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and Siegfried, having placed upon Brünnhilde's finger the Ring of the Nibelungs as a wedding token, disappeared in the valley, the notes of his silver horn coming up from below while the Walkyrie watched his retreating form.

Thus far we had only a prologue to the drama. The curtain remained drawn during a long instrumental interlude, but there was no intermission. The interlude was one of the most beautiful and ingenious things in the whole work. It was founded upon the notes of the horn, which changed almost imperceptibly into a sort of *scherzo*. Other motives identified with the hero were afterward introduced, and the whole were combined in a magnificent specimen of imposing and intricate composition worthy of this unapproachable [!] master of the orchestra. When the curtain rose again for the first act the stage was set to represent a court in the dwelling of Gunther, a chief of the race of the Gibichungs on the Rhine. The room into which we looked opened right and left into inner apartments. At the rear it was not inclosed, but from its outer edge a pleasant slope led down to the shore. The river, coming from the far back-ground, flowed by on the left. Trees and rocks filled up the scene on the right. The mountains beyond the river appeared on the distant horizon. The architecture of the hall was rude and heavy, but rich according to the fashions of a primitive age. There was a peculiarity in the lighting which had a marvelous effect. Little or no light was thrown from the interior of the

hall; even the auditorium had none to reflect; but the open country at the back was glowing in the sun and the illumination came from there as it would have done in nature. This was contrary to all theatrical usage, but the result was admirable. At a raised table on one side sat Gunther (Eugen Gura) and his sister Gutrune (Weckerlin), with drinking horns before them. On the lower level was Gunther's half-brother Hagen (Siebr), natural son of Alberich and the evil principle of this portion of the drama. Hagen sang the praises of Siegfried, whom he declared to be the fittest hero to wed Gutrune, and of Brünnhilde whom he wished Gunther to take to wife. Hagen's plot being to get possession of the ring. In the midst of this co-versation Siegfried's horn was heard in the distance, and presently he arrived in a boat. Received with cordial hospitality, he gave in a richly varied scene an account of his adventures, and swore an oath of brotherhood with Gunther, drinking with him from a horn in which each had mingled with the drink a few drops of his own blood. Old and new motives were welded together in the instrumentation of this interesting scene. The story of Alberich's treasures brought back reminiscences of the Nibelheim music, and the oath was accompanied by an expressive phrase which was merely the oft-repeated "law motive" somewhat curtailed. Gutrune meanwhile had watched the hero with un-controllable admiration, and readily yielded to Hagen's advice to mix him a love potion. Siegfried took the drink. Instantly all recollection of his intercourse with Brünnhilde was magically effaced. He conceived a violent passion for Gutrune. He asked to have her for wife, and promised in return to aid Gunther in obtaining Brünnhilde. Impatient of a moment's delay, he seized his arms, he hurried Gunther at once to the boat, and pushed out into the river. There was a fine distinction between the exciting music in which all this was conveyed and the love music of the prologue and the previous evening in which the volung had sung his passion for Brünnhilde. That was the rapturous expression of a pure and noble feeling; this was the fury of an insane and reckless infatuation. But the orchestral interlude which followed the departure of Siegfried and Gunther (the curtain meanwhile being dropped for a few minutes), brought us back to the love melody of the prologue, and so prepared us for the next scene, on Brünnhilde's rock, where the Walkyrie sat contemplating Siegfried's ring. The recurrence of the motive of the Walküre's Ride prepared us for the appearance of Brünnhilde's sister "spear-maiden" Waltraute (Frl. Jayle), who came to beg that Siegfried's ring might be returned to the Daughters of the Rhine, and the fate of the gods thus averted. With correct poetical perception however, Wagner made Brünnhilde repel this proposal with indignation. She had no more part with the gods, but a mortal hero was all in all to her. How grandly Materna delivered the magnificent music in which the answer is conveyed! It is a passage in which tenderness and passion are artfully united, and true womanly feeling, with which the opera had not greatly concerned itself until this superb creature came upon the scene, finds free and sympathetic expression. With the departure of Waltraute, accompanied by cloud and storm as she sped through the air, evening came on and the light of the protecting flames began to show itself with the accompaniment of the fire motive. The sound of a horn in the distance brought Brünnhilde to her feet with a cry of ecstasy. But it was not the form of her Siegfried that presently broke through the fiery barrier and stood upon the summit of the ridge. Still under the influence of the magic draught, the hero had assumed the appearance of Gunther by the power of the tarn helmet. As Gunther he now claimed Brünnhilde for his bride, and after a violent scene wrenched the ring from her finger and forced her away to the spot where the real Gunther awaited her.

SIEGFRIED'S MADNESS.

In the second act we returned to the hall of Gunther, but this time we saw the exterior. It was dark night when the curtain rose, and Hagen, with spear and shield, sat leaning against one of the columns of the porch. As the moon suddenly threw a little light upon the scene we became aware of a figure crouching at Hagen's knee, and whispering to him as he slept. It was Alberich, who came to urge him on to the murder of Siegfried and the seizure of the ring and helmet. There was something awful in music, scene, and action alike, as Alberich whispered his wicked suggestions into the ear of his son, and Hagen with fixed gaze and motionless figure answered in a dull and half articulate way, as one who dreams of crime and welcomes temptation in sleep. In many respects the passage seemed to me one of the most marvelous in the whole work for originality and strength, and when the figure of Alberich gradually melted away, and his voice came to us out of the impenetrable darkness into which he disappeared—"Sei treu, Hagen, mein Sohn! Sei treu! Sei treu!"—the effect was little less than awful. Morning then dawned, to a little orchestral passage of great beauty, and hardly was the sun up before Siegfried, who had left Brünnhilde with Gunther, and transported himself back to the Gibichung's hall by the power of the helmet, appeared in his proper form and called earnestly for Gutrune. Hagen, by a blast upon his horn and a loud call, summoned the men of Gibichung to assemble. Horns answered him from various quarters, and the men came hurrying upon the scene, not trudging forward in a body and planting themselves in a stiff row down the side of the stage, after the absurd customs of the conventional opera, but clambering over the rocks from all directions, one or two at a time, and taking natural and picturesque positions here and there, each man having something to say as he came forward, asking the meaning of the call, until the whole combined in a splendid four and six part chorus—the first instance of

the employment of a chorus in the entire four nights, if we except the music for the Walkyries. Hagen bade them prepare sacrifices and make ready for a wedding, and even as he spoke Gunther and the captive bride, Brünnhilde, arrived in the tent, and were hailed with joyful acclamations. The whole of this chorus, or more properly concerted music, is in Wagner's grandest manner. When Siegfried came forth from the house leading Gutrune by the hand, and followed by the women of the chorus, Brünnhilde was overpowered with horror and amazement, but Siegfried did not know her. Recognizing the ring however on his finger, she guessed the trick that had been played upon her, and wildly denounced Siegfried as a traitor. She declared that she was already wedded to him and would have none other for her husband, and Gunther, who did not know of Siegfried's relations with Brünnhilde, was filled with suspicion and resentment, of which Hagen took advantage to plot with him for Siegfried's death. I must not dwell too long upon the incidents of this crowded and exciting scene. Siegfried swore upon the point of a spear that he had been true to his oath of brotherhood. Brünnhilde pushed forward and swore to the truth of her accusation. The rage of the injured woman the amorous infatuation of Siegfried, the timid and halting treachery of Gunther, the malignity of Hagen, the perplexity of the multitude, were all portrayed with amazing vividness in music which, though not strictly an ensemble, contained concerted passages of the most brilliant character. Dramatically it is one of the noblest Wagner has ever written. Brünnhilde being the central figure about which all the other personages group themselves and to whose glorious passion all the other sentiments of the composition seem to be tributary. When the people had dispersed, Hagen induced Gunther to aid him in compassing Siegfried's death, and by working upon the jealousy and just resentment of Brünnhilde he learned from her that the volung was vulnerable only in the back. It seemed as if we were to go on from one grand scene to another still grander, and the excitement became almost painful when the great chorus was followed by the still greater trio in which the emotions of these three characters found such forcible expression. It was a trio which would alone have made the success of any ordinary opera; it was in the truest sense melodious; and yet the "tune" in the voice parts was by no means distinctly marked. Here we had an excellent example of the correctness of Wagner's theory. An Italian composer would have suspended the action of the drama while soprano, baritone, and bass unwound in turn the measures of a cantilena; Wagner allows them to give free expression to the language of passion, while the orchestra, doing what voices alone were compelled to do in the old school, supplies what is necessary to shape the whole into an eloquent and complete melody. The scene was interrupted by the appearance of a troupe of children, dancing and strewing branches and flowers, and then came the wedding procession, Gutrune in the midst borne aloft upon a shield, and Siegfried walking by her side. Gunther took Brünnhilde by the hand and forced her to join the cortege. Then the curtain fell.

DESTRUCTION OF WALHALLA.

In the third act, Siegfried, separated from his companions in a hunting party, came to a beautiful spot on the Rhine, where the path led down among trees and bushes from a high bank to the brink of the river. There the Rhine daughters, exquisite creations of this most poetical of musicians, rose to the surface with their beautiful song. They besought Siegfried to restore the ring, but he refused. When his companions overtook him they proceeded to make good cheer; and Siegfried, seated in the middle, told the story of his adventures. The music became more and more wonderful as we approached the catastrophe. Accompanying Siegfried's narrative, the orchestra reviewed, so to speak, all the prominent points of his career. We had the song of the smithy and the piping of the birds. Just then two ravens flew across the stage. "Those are the harbingers," cried Hagen, "of your coming to Wotan;" and as Siegfried turned to look at them, Hagen's spear pierced his back. In the hour of death the hero recovered his reason, and in an exquisite song, with highly original accompaniment, in which harps in harmony and the violins play a prominent part, he called upon Brünnhilde, and so expired. They raised him on his shield, and in sorrowful procession returned to the hall of Gunther. It is here that occurred the gem of this division of the opera, the funeral march which so accomplished but unfriendly a critic as Hanslick of Vienna has pronounced the greatest since Beethoven's *Heroic Symphony*. The praise is not too strong. Whether for the novelty of the theme, the sympathetic character of the movement, or the splendors of the orchestral combinations, the march is unrivaled, and the listener is not only interested but surprised to find it introducing familiar motives after a while so naturally that they seem to belong in this very place. When the bearers took up their burden light clouds began to drift across the scene, gradually concealing them as they toiled up the steep bank. Before the last of the men had gone off the stage the whole was hidden.

When they brought Siegfried's body to the hall of the Gibichungs the curse of Alberich was not long in working again its evil effects. Gunther and Hagen quarreled for the possession of the ring, and Hagen slew Gunther; but when he tried to take the ring from Siegfried's finger, the dead man raised his arm, and Hagen fell back in dismay. Then Brünnhilde entered. All stood back to let her approach. She comprehended now the mystery of Siegfried's conduct. In a long monologue of delicious tenderness she declared herself Siegfried's only love, his companion in life and death, and she had the men prepare the funeral pile. It would be impossible to

convey by a mere descriptive letter, any idea of the beauty and grandeur of this final scene, the crown of a work whose greatness is beyond praise. They built the pile by the bank of the river, and when it was finished they placed the body on it (having first deftly exchanged the real Siegfried for an effigy), and covered it with wreaths of laurel; but first Brünnhilde took the ascribed ring from his finger, resolved to destroy both it and herself together. She seized a torch and threw it upon the pile. The flames shot up with their clouds of lurid smoke. Her horse was led forward; she grasped it by the bridle, and dashing forward to leap into the flames, disappeared in the crowd. Suddenly the blazing pile fell together; fire seemed to spring up in all parts of the hall; the roof and columns of the portico came crashing to the ground; the waters of the Rhine rose and engulfed the spot where stood the funeral pile; and the Rhine maidens recovered their treasure by the sacrifice of Brünnhilde. A red glare next overspread the horizon, and when the clouds lifted we saw in the distant sky Walhalla in flames, and the gods in dismay grouped around the central figure of Wotan. So ends the colossal work. "The *Österlämmung*" began at 4 and ended at 10:15, with the usual two hours of intermission. At the close the whole audience rose in a transport of enthusiasm, and shouted for Wagner until he came before the curtain and in a few words, spoken in a clear and pleasant voice, expressed his satisfaction with the efforts of the artists and the readiness of the people to sustain the highest efforts of art. He was called forward again, with shouts and cheers, and the waving of hats, and then there were loud cries for the conductor, Hans Richter, who, however, did not respond.

J. R. G. H.

A Young Lady's Experience at Bayreuth.

[The following letter to a friend from an American girl, who is studying music in Germany, is sent to us with liberty to publish.]

Frankfort, Aug. 26, 1876.

DEAR A.—: Two weeks ago to-day a long, long train of cars (so long that the men and women in the fields stopped their work to gaze at it) wended its way, not very rapidly, towards Bayreuth. As the train, an hour or more behind time, finally reached the station, it was not hard to realize that the occasion was truly a "Festival." The Bayreuthers with one accord were gathered together to see the arrival; among the most "well to do" people of the town, were also peasants in their neat and pretty Sunday costumes, all kept in line and order by bright helmeted officers, and evidently intensely interested by the sight of the throng that poured from the cars. From every window and house-top about the station flags were flying; for the Emperor of Germany would soon arrive in a special train; and nothing could be done, in the way of attending to baggage, etc., until His Royal Majesty had been received and disposed of. No one appeared to be in any hurry to withdraw from the fascinating scene.

An interesting crowd it was to wander about in; interesting to watch the pleasant meeting between acquaintances, artists, musicians, and distinguished people. Liszt was there, looking very amiable and very odd in his long coat and old-fashioned hat, speaking with great animation with some fine ladies, probably Princesses and Court-Ladies. Mehlig too, —my precious Mehlig, standing upon a chair chatting with friends! Many people stood upon chairs for a better chance of seeing the Emperor when he came. The idea of seeing the Emperor was not to me exciting (I have often seen him in Berlin); I was much excited when I discovered Mehlig.

Well! finally the train bearing the old gentleman arrived, and intense and prolonged were the enthusiastic cheers that greeted him as he stepped from his car, walked through the parted crowd to his carriage and was borne off to the palace. His Excellency safely out of the way, we began to think it time to convey ourselves to our lodgings in the town. There were not carriages enough in waiting to accommodate such a large number of applicants; we pick up a small boy to carry our small hand-bags and proceed. We see Wagner himself! —sitting back in his open carriage, and doubtless feeling triumphant; possibly contrasting present circumstances with those of but a few years ago, when he struggled with poverty and the prejudices of the musical world. A proud moment it must have been for him, the realization of all his aims and desires. The little city was perfectly exultant; the

main street bright with flags and festoons of greens. Our room, which we engaged a long time before, was in a very pleasant part of the town, and looked out upon the Jean Paul Platz and upon the statue of that grand old hero and poet. From what we afterwards heard of the miserable lodgings etc., we had every cause to congratulate ourselves. The room was just as neat and charming as possible; our Frau S—, painstaking and interested in our welfare; but with such a gift of speech as I have never before seen a human sister endowed with; and her use of which almost exhausted me. We wondered if we could live through her occasional visits in our room; but her goodness of heart finally reconciled us to the overwhelming capacities of her tongue.

The first performance, "Das Rheingold," commenced at seven in the evening and lasted two, or two hours and a half without intermission. But the following three days the opera commenced at four P. M. So, when we left the house at two, we drove directly to the Theatre restaurant, where we dined, and afterwards had only a short time to walk about and see the people before entering the theatre and taking our places. How interesting and fascinating that week appears to me! In spite of the intense heat, such as we have not had before this Summer, it remains only a delightful recollection. And still I can say, I was not roused to enthusiasm by the opera. It was less enjoyable in point of music and beauty of idea, than others of Wagner's operas. In splendor and harmony of all the stage arrangements it was marvellous! Of the four evenings I enjoyed the second, "Walküre," best; the music was the most beautiful; and yet it was just that I had wondered if I could sit and see, the text which I read beforehand was so abominable. Wagner did not respond the first evening to the immense applause that followed the fall of the curtain, although the Emperor was present. For some 20 or 25 minutes Wagner sat, it is said, with folded arms in some room behind the scenes, hearing the tumultuous calls for Wagner! Wagner! Wagner! urged by the conductor of the orchestra and would not move. "I do not wish it!!" "I do not wish it!!" he is reported to have said.

Yes! he is a queer man, a remarkable talent; one cannot help admiring the wonderful will and energy of his nature. At the same time one must despise his character; utterly unprincipled, utterly regardless of heavenly or human laws, his *will* is his law of life. His wife, the daughter of Liszt, and wife formerly of Von Bülow, is said to be very gifted and to render Wagner much valuable assistance in his work. She is very tall, has a very large nose, resembles her father somewhat, but is called very homely; I did not find her so; her face is striking and interesting. It is true she has the Von Bülow children with her; but of little Wagners there is but one, and that is the little Siegfried, well named as one may see who reads the *Nibelungen*. I saw Wagner's house from the street; it is not allowed to enter the garden. It is a square, plain house; over the door a painting from a scene in the *Nibelungen*. I presume the inside must be interesting and characteristic of the occupant. I do not wonder that you found it difficult to understand the legend of the *Nibelungen Lied* after twice reading or even more. It seemed very complicated when I first commenced it.

Yours,

C—

Birmingham Musical Festival.

(From the London Athenaeum, Sept. 2.)

The opening morning concert, last Tuesday, of the Triennial Festival in aid of the funds of the General Hospital, was a great financial as well as artistic success. The general execution of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" may be classified as one of the

most perfect *ensembles* of that masterpiece ever attained since the memorable production of the oratorio, under the lamented composer's direction, in 1846. The appearance of the interior of the Town Hall, newly and tastefully redecorated, was a sight to see, as the vast auditory rose to listen to Sir Michael Costa's arrangement of the National Anthem. It was soon ascertained that the band of 140 players was first class. The finely developed instrumental prelude, following the announcement of the famine by the Prophet, proved that the balance of sound had been accurately judged. The successive fugal points were clearly developed, and the brilliant tone of the strings was judiciously balanced with the wood and brass throughout the accompaniments. The choristers, both in the quality of their voices and in the precision of their attacks, were quite up to the standard of excellence reached by the Festival Choir, showing that their trainers, Messrs. Stockley and Sutton, had done their work right well. The solos for the soprano, for the contralto, for the tenor, were sung by Madame Lemmens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Mr. E. Lloyd, and in the second section Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, and Mr. Vernon Rigby were the artists. As is usual, and as is, in fact, imperative, Mr. Santley had the weight of the entire music allotted to the title-part. The seven singers were up to the mark; the only exceptions which can be fairly urged against the vocalization were in the double quartet, "For he shall give," and in the quartet, "Cast thy burden," wherein, while praising the precision of the vocalists, the *juste milieu* of the part-writing was not attained: the voices did not blend so sympathetically as could be desired. In the second part adverse criticism was disarmed. The President, the Marquis of Hertford, exercised the customary privilege of the position by signalizing for the encores, which perhaps, in sacred music, had better be avoided, although there is much to urge in favor of encouraging leading soloists, to whom applause is the breath of their professional life. The lowering of the pitch of the organ, so far from being a boon, turned out to be a bore, and something beyond, for its flatness was at times a nuisance. This vexed question of tuning instruments to suit the exigencies and exactions of voices of high compass is a constant source of disappointment and annoyance.

It is scarcely requisite to refer specially to the other works conducted by Sir Michael Costa, with his usual presence of mind, clearness of beat, and unapproachable accuracy, such as "St. Paul," the "Messiah," "The Last Judgment," the Mass in C of Beethoven, etc., as five novelties have been produced at this festival. Precedence must be given to the veteran composer, Prof. Niels Gade, of Copenhagen, whose genius was discovered by Mendelssohn, and which recognition led to his being the successor to Dr. Ferdinand Hiller as Conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, but, since 1848, the composer has resided in the Danish capital. He has contributed two works to the festival, the one a sacred cantata, "Zion," and the other a *quasi*-sacred cantata, "The Crusaders." In both productions he has set subjects previously treated by other musicians; thus the "Zion," Op. 49, in the words, is an abbreviated version of Handel's "Israel in Egypt"; there are the laments of the Children of Israel—their passage through the sea, their captivity in Babylon, their return to Zion, with the prophecy of the new Jerusalem. According to the printed pianoforte and vocal score of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., who have also published the "Crusaders," the "Zion" was written for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra; but the part was too high for Mr. C. Tovey, and it was altered to suit the compass of Mr. Vernon Rigby. The numbers comprise an Introduction, two full choruses, and a solo with chorus; but the execution lasts longer than might be expected from the paucity of pieces. The writing is broad and massive, but it is wanting in contrasts; the ideas are melodious, the treatment both for voices and instruments indicates the command of effects; but on "Zion" it is needless to dwell further, as it is almost totally eclipsed in important attributes by the "Crusaders," Op. 50. Here, again, we have a libretto treated by Gluck, Rameau, and many other men of note; but Niels Gade asserts his individuality. His poet was Carl Andersen, and, of course, Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is the basis of the text. The English translation for the festival is by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, and is also published by Novello & Co. There are the three divisions, with the prefixes of "In the Desert," "Armida," and "Towards Jerusalem." The characters are Peter

the Hermit (Signor Foli), Rinaldo (Mr. E. Lloyd), and the sorceress Armida (Madame Trebelli-Bettini); the chorists are the Crusaders, the Sirens, and the Pilgrims. Niels Gade is at his best in the 'Crusaders'; it is a composition the forms of which are quite orthodox, and the ideas are remarkably striking; it is the writing of a scholar and of a musician who has both fancy and imagination. The orchestration is ingenious, able, and picturesque. In splendid contrast is the music of the witchery of the sirens to tempt Rinaldo, with the solemnity of the tones of the Crusaders; the orchestral prelude to 'Armida' is a little gem. To dwell on the varied beauties of the cantata is impossible in this issue of the *Athenaeum*; but it will doubtless be produced in London, when a further reference to the numbers will be a pleasing task. Niels Gade conducted both his works with much animation.

Mr. Macfarren's oratorio, in two parts, 'The Resurrection,' it may at once be stated, is not another 'St. John the Baptist,' which will remain his finest composition. The book by Dr. Monk, of York, is certainly very inferior in interest to the other. The mistake has been made that the resurrection itself has not been set by the composer, who begins with the coming of Mary Magdalene to the sepulchre, and finding the stone has disappeared. But no characters are specified. It is a Narrator (Mr. Santley) who has seventeen recitatives, without the intervention of a single air, to describe the incidents. True, it may be urged that the composer's intent is to portray the series of emotions experienced by the apostles and disciples after the resurrection, leaving to the overture, which is a fine one, the task of depicting the awful events preceding the rising from the sepulchre. This prelude has two themes, which are heard in the oratorio: first, in the scene where Jesus is assumed to appear before His disciples; and, secondly, at the end of the chorus, "He is the Resurrection and the Life." The composer has skillfully availed himself of the advantage of iteration to illustrate significant situations or special passages. The great drawback is in the number of reflective phrases in the manner of the Greek chorus, commenting and moralizing. The introduced hymn, first sung simply in unaccompanied harmony, and then with very able contrapuntal development, is too frequent. Of the choruses, the one distinguished for pathos is the "Woe unto us," but the jubilant outbreaks are the most exciting; thus the one in *r*, "This is the victory," with its fugue, is grand and masterly, and another one in *b*, "He is the Resurrection," is full of power, majestic, and massive. The soprano has two songs, "For this our hearts," in *r* sharp minor, and the other a *bravura*, "Sing, rejoice!" in *a*, exulting enough, but both airs taxed the powers of Madame Lemmens. In the two airs for the contralto (Madame Patey), the music is more sympathetic; the first, "Let us have grace," is somewhat dry, but the second, in *n* flat, "His right hand," is very melodious and graceful. Mr. Lloyd (the tenor) has two numbers, one in *x*, "Now is our salvation," and the second a *scena*, "The wages of sin," in *x* minor and major, which is rather complex. The duet between soprano and contralto, in *c*, "In due season," and the trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor, in *n* flat, "The peace of God," are devotional and tranquil. On the whole, however, a first hearing of the oratorio, without the advantage of a reference to the score, which is not published, conveyed the impression that it is heavy, and that the instrumentation has been too *forte* for the voices. There are the signs of labor and hard workmanship, rather than those of inspiration; the 'Resurrection' has not the consistency and coherency of 'St. John the Baptist,' and this may partly have arisen from the narrative portion of the 20th chapter of St. John's Gospel having been too much mixed with texts in the nature of sermons from other parts of the Bible and New Testament, besides turning to account the Book of Common Prayer and popular hymnology. It is also possible that some haste took place in the composition, owing to the occupations of the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His brother, the pianist and composer, Mr. Walter Macfarren, conducted the 'Resurrection.'

The scriptural scene, for tenors and basses, 'The Holy Supper of the Apostles,' by Herr Wagner, will give little trouble to notice. The composer must have had an odd notion of the voices of the followers of the Saviour to have made them sing as if they were in a German beer-garden. The twelve apostles (Matthias replacing Judas Iscariot) shout to the disciples with that excess of modulation peculiar to the composer. The orchestration is in the restless and florid style, with his favorite figures for

the stringed instruments of iteration. There are five movements, but the whole is too boisterous and demonstrative to be accepted as the devotional strains of inspired apostles, who could not have had a notion of the music of the future, unless there had been a musical Judas amongst them to deny the masters.

Mr. Cowen's cantata, 'The Corsair,' adapted by Mr. R. E. Francillon from Lord Byron's poem, only requires the dialogue or recitatives to be introduced to make the work a complete opera, for it is better adapted for the stage than for the concert hall, except in the instrumental items (the *entr'actes*), some of which are masterly. The vocal parts have a mixed Italian and Balfish type, and are always tuneful. Mr. Cowen, in fact, seems to be in search of a style, and it will be a matter of surprise, young as he is, if he does not obtain individuality. In striving to characterize the Turkish music, he has used disagreeable discords here and there; these would be considered correct at Constantinople, but were a mistake at Birmingham, but, barring a few flaws, there was often considerable charm in his cantata; the chorus of Almas is exquisite, and the storm movement is cleverly scored. Mdlle. Tietjens (Gulnare), Madame Lemmens (Medora), Mr. Lloyd (Conrad the Corsair), and Signor Foli (the Pacha Seyd), have been well voiced; the duets between Medora and Conrad, and between the latter and Gulnare, are well contrasted; a ballad by Madame Lemmens, "I know not," with guitar *obbligato* (Madame Pratten), is quaint and pleasing, and the *scena* of Mdlle. Tietjens called forth her powerful high notes with ringing force.

A new ballad by Mr. Anderton, a local organist, entitled 'The Felling of the Trees,' with full score, and conducted by himself, was sung by Madame Patey, and was of sufficient interest to entitle the composer to a more prominent place in the week's programme.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 30, 1876.

The Upshot of Wagnerism.—Edward Hanlick's Summing Up.

In our last number we gave some significant extracts from the concluding letter from Bayreuth of the able musical critic of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, as we found them in a New York German paper. Having the *Freie Presse* itself now before us we proceed to translate the omitted passages.

Bayreuth, Aug. 18.

"Yesterday we had the *Götterdämmerung* as the conclusion of the whole cycle. With the now completed execution of the Bayreuth programme the Music of the Future has become a power of the Present. Outwardly at least, and for the moment. Upon Art-historical predictions, etc. (See last number, page 302.)

"Let us hear the master's own words about his new musical method in the *Nibelungen*. 'I have,' he says (Vol. IX, page 366) 'raised dramatic dialogue itself into being the main substance even of the musical performance; whereas in "Opera," as such, the moments of lyrical delay, fitted into the action for this purpose, were considered available for what was supposed to be the only possible kind of musical performance. It is music, which, while it independently brings us into sympathy with the motives of the action in its finest ramifications, at the same time enables us to present this action with drastic definiteness. As the actors have not got to express themselves to us about their prompting motives in the sense of the reflective consciousness, the dialogue gains here that naive precision which makes out the life of the drama.'—That reads very finely, but in the execution Wagner's purpose is by no means reached, and the total blending of *Opera* and *Drama*, after as before, is an illusion. Through this alleged equalizing of the importance of word and tone, Wagner cramps the efficacy of them both alike. The music

wants to expand, the words to press onward; therefore continuous dialogue belongs naturally to the Drama, and sung melody to the Opera. This partition is not contrary to nature, but Wagner's method, of lifting both kinds of Art up into one, is contrary to nature. The unnatural singing speech or speaking song of the Wagnerian *Nibelungen* neither compensates us for the spoken word of the Drama, nor for the work sung in the Opera. The first, because with most singers one cannot understand the text at all, and even with the best only here and there in passages. But since for the sake of the scenic effect the auditorium of the *Festspielhaus* is totally darkened, all opportunity of looking into the text book during the performance is entirely shut off. Hence we sit helpless and listless before these endless dialogues of the singers, at one and the same time thirsting after plain speech and ever intelligible melody. And what a dialogue! Never have men talked so with one another (nor gods either probably). Springing to and fro in remote intervals, always slow, pathetic, overstrained, and, substantially, one precisely like the other.

"Since in this 'Music-Drama' the acting persons are not distinguished from each other by the character of their vocal melodies, as in the old 'Opera' (Don Juan and Leporello, Donna Anna and Zerlina, Max and Caspar), but are all alike in the physiognomical pathos of their speaking tone, Wagner undertakes to supply this characterization through so-called 'reminder or leading-motives' in the orchestra. Wagner had already given considerable extension to this musico-psychological auxiliary in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; he carried it to excess in the *Meistersinger*, and in the *Nibelungen* he complicates it into a regular arithmetical example. One easily holds in mind the two or three melodically and rhythmically pregnant leading motives of *Tannhäuser* or *Lohengrin*. But how does Wagner proceed about it in the *Nibelungen*? We have the answer in a pamphlet, offered everywhere for sale here, by Herr von Wolzogen: 'Thematic Guide' (or leading string), a sort of musical Bädeker (or Murray), without which no respectable tourist ventures out here. Far away from Bayreuth, one might find such a handbook comical; the serious and mournful thing about it is,—that it is necessary. Herr v. Wolzogen adduces not less than ninety leading motives, with their names and notes, which the tormented Festspiel visitor has to impress upon his mind so as to recognize them everywhere amid the whirl of tones throughout four evenings. Not only persons, but inanimate things too have here their individual leading motives, which emerge now here, now there and enter into the most mysterious relations to one another. Here we have the Ring motive, the motive of Thraldom, of threatening Doom, of the Rhine-Gold; the Giants' and the Dwarfs' motive, the Flight motive, the Tarn-helm motive, the lead-motive of the "weary Siegmund"; the Sword, the Dragon, the Dream of Vengeance motive, the motive of Alberich, of Siegfried, of Wotan, and so on to No. 90. This rich musical wardrobe, which every hero brings along with him, is only worn, however, at his feet, down in the orchestra; on the stage they have absolutely nothing on in the way of melody.

"With few exceptions (the *Walkürenritt*, Walhalla, the anvil motive, Siegfried's horn call) these *Leit-motiven* in the *Nibelungen-ring* are of small melodic or rhythmical coinage, consisting of a few notes and frequently resembling one another. Only an uncommonly favored ear and memory can possibly hold them all. And if we succeed in this, if we have actually perceived that the orchestra makes here an allusion to the gods, there to the giants, and then to gods and giants both at once—what great thing have we gained by it? A process

of pure understanding, a reflective comparison and inference—the *Nibelungen* music points continually away to something beside and above itself. Any full feeling and enjoyment is impossible, if understanding and memory must stand continually on the watch to catch allusions. This mystic-allegorical tendency in Wagner's *Nibelungen-ring* in many ways reminds us of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, which forfeits so much of its poetical effect precisely because the poet has "mysterized" so much into it, which now plagues the reader like a riddle.

"Many a golden word in Vischer's latest book about the allegorical nature of the second part of *Faust* applies to the character of the last Wagnerian music-drama. This also is in text and music a poem which one cannot understand without a learned key, which consequently fatigues and disquiets, instead of refreshing and delighting. Verily we come at last to Vischer's result, that, where it comes to the question of an aesthetic *diagnosis*, nothing, unfortunately, is arrived at by the demonstration. Whether a tone-work sprang from the depths of musical feeling, or out of the retort of ingenious calculation, that, however obvious to the individual, cannot be scientifically proved. Vischer's proposition, that the feeling of the beauty of the poetic life can be demonstrated to no one, seems to me to hold good most especially for music. In the old, pre *Nibelungen* 'Opera' the composition follows the universal laws of musical logic, forms a series of symmetrical and rounded organisms each intelligible *per se*. The masters gave us in the 'Opera' music, which through its unity was intelligible, through its beauty enjoyable, and through its intimate harmony with the action dramatic. They have shown a hundred times over, that the 'absolute melody,' which Wagner scorns, can be at once eminently dramatic; and when in several parts (or polyphonic), especially in the finales, can sum up and conclude the progressive action energetically. To remove vocal part-song, duets, etc., from the Opera as 'undramatic' is to ignore, etc. (See last number, page 303.)

"We do not fail to recognize the new trait of grandeur and sublimity which Wagner lends to his work by the fact that every act contains only two or three scenes, which unfold themselves in the most quiet breadth, nay frequently seem to stand still like plastic images. From the restless scene-shifting and the overfullness in action of our 'grand Opera' the *Nibelungen-Ring* distinguishes itself most advantageously precisely through this simplicity. But a straight forward epic breadth need not distort and dislocate the drama in that manner. It is hard to conceive how a dramatic composer so familiar with the theatre can suddenly lose all sense of proportion and not feel, that conversations like those of Wotan with Fricka, with Brünnhilde, with Mime, etc., tax the hearer's patience most intolerably, and must utterly stupefy him by their insatiable loquacity. For the unheard of length of the Walhalla scenes in *Rheingold*, of all the conversations in the second act of the *Walküre*, of the six 'questions' in *Siegfried*, and so on, one seeks in vain for any dramatic or musical reason. An eloquent advocate of Wagner, the vivacious Louis Ehlert, in his *critique* on "Tristan and Isolde," suggests that every number of it be considerably shortened, to give the opera a chance of life. Now it may well be asked: Where was there ever a real dramatic composer, in whose operas every piece of music can be abridged at pleasure and without harm? Yet in listening to the *Nibelungen-Ring* we came completely to the same conviction, that every scene would bear the most extensive cuts without the smallest harm, while on the other hand one might spin out in this style as much longer as he pleased.

"The new method of the 'dialogical Music-Drama' rejects in fact all musical measure and proportion; it is the formless infinite. Wagner, to be sure protests against our judging his 'stage-play'

from the stand-point of music. Why then does he make music, and very much music, four long evenings full of music? In many places there appear musical beauties of ravishing effect, both strong and tender; it is as if the new Wagner wished to remind us of the old. We can only allude at present to the Rhine Daughters in the first and fourth piece; to the Spring song of Siegmund and the Fire Charm in the second, to the mingled forest sounds and the beginning of the love duet in the third. In the Bayreuth representation one could observe how every such bud of blooming melody was recognized with visible rapture by the audience and pressed to every heart. When after two hours of monodic desert there appears a bit of song in parts, —the closing chords of the three Rhine Daughters, the singing together of the Walküren, the few thirds at the end of the love duet in *Siegfried*, there passes something like a joyous thrill of deliverance after long imprisonment over the faces of the hearers. These are very significant symptoms. They give clearest evidence that the musical nature in Man is not to be denied or gagged; that the new method of Wagner is not a reform of traditions which we have outlived, but an assault upon the musical sensibility inborn in us and which it has taken centuries of education to develop. And though this assault be undertaken with the most brilliant weapons of the mind—Nature withstands it and quietly hurls the besieger back with a few violets and roses.

"The plastic energy of Wagner's fancy, his astonishing mastery over the technique of the orchestra, and numerous musical beauties reign in the *Nibelungen* with a magic power, to which we willingly and thankfully yield ourselves captive. These single beauties, which creep in as it were behind the back of the system, do not prevent this *system*, this tyranny of the word, of unmelodious dialogue, from planting in the whole the seeds of death. The strange and gorgeous coloring, the intoxicating vapor of the orchestra in the *Nibelungen-Ring* embrace us with a demoniacal spell. But as Tannhäuser in the Venus-berg longs for the dear familiar chimes of earth, so we soon long from the deepest heart for the melodic blessing of our old music. 'Shall I never, never hear it more?'

The Season at Home.

Signs of musical activity are beginning to appear,—more numerous than ever in regard to music schools, conservatories and private lessons, as will be seen by running the eye down the advertising columns of any Boston newspaper. And in the way of concerts and popular musical entertainments,—though the announcements and, we presume, the arrangements, are unusually timid and behindhand,—enough is already promised to show that our city will find more than lenten entertainment during the winter that is close upon us.

The *HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY* resume rehearsals to-morrow evening at Bumstead Hall. Beyond the fact that they will of course give the *Messiah* at Christmas,—and with the additional accompaniments made expressly for the Society by Robert Franz,—the programme of their winter's work is indeterminable. But this is Triennial Festival year, or rather we are on the eve of it, and before next May they will be deep in the study of important Oratorios, Cantatas, etc., both new and old, including (let us hope) the *Passion Music* once more.

Mr. ERNST PERABO will lead off in the Chamber music. He will give three concerts, assisted by Mr. John C. Mullaly and the Philharmonic Club (B. Listemann & Co.). These will occur at Wesleyan Hall, on Oct. 28, Nov. 3 and 10, to begin at 3½ P.M. Mr. Perabo will present novelties by Prof. J. K. Paine, Richter, Raff and Rubinstein.

Friends of the *HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS*, who may have been disturbed by rumors of a possible change of place, will be pleased to learn that the ten concerts will be given, as they uniformly have been during the past eleven seasons, in the *Boston Music Hall*,—beginning on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9, and continuing at regular intervals of once a fortnight for five concerts; then a pause of

four weeks, followed by five more from Feb. 1, to March 29. Of the programmes we shall probably be able to give some information in our next issue. The price of season tickets will be \$10. The public sale will commence at the Music Hall on Monday morning, Oct. 30; but persons who desire an earlier choice of seats with the members of the Association who guarantee the Concerts, may easily secure it by applying (before Oct. 20) to any member, either directly or through Mr. Peck, or Ditson's or Prüfer's music stores.

All reports persistently agree that *THEODORE THOMAS* will give no series of *Symphony Concerts* here this winter; and even that our enjoyment of his admirable orchestra, which after all seems not to be "disbanded," will be limited to a period of less than two weeks in the middle of November. They are to be of a "popular" character, and the dates fixed are Monday, Nov. 13; Wednesday, Nov. 15; Saturday, Nov. 18 (Matinee); Monday, Nov. 20; Wednesday, Nov. 22. Season tickets may be secured at Mr. Peck's office.

—The *Thomas Orchestra* are to take part, moreover, in several of the subscription concerts to be given in the new *Theatre of Memorial Hall* at Cambridge, under the management of Prof. Paine and others. These will be attractive to music-loving friends and neighbors of the University beyond the bounds of Cambridge.

Most of the *Chamber Music*, we fancy, will be in the form of *Pianoforte Recitals*; for we grow richer every season in the number and the quality of accomplished resident pianists; besides Mme. SCHILLER, PERABO, LANG, LEONARD, PARKER, PETERSILEA, and others well known, we have now Miss AMY FAY, and Mr. SHERWOOD, whose performances will excite no little interest. Among them all we shall be very sure to hear a plenty of Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin, to say nothing of their followers.

—The *MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB* is preparing with renewed vigor for the winter campaign. We read that

"The club will not go West till the end of January. This is in deference to the calls for services in New England. Lovers of classic music will gladly learn that the club intends giving a short series of chamber concerts (in Boston) early in the season. They have made a valuable acquisition to their number this season, by engaging Mr. Alexander Heindl with his double bass. They have prepared many pieces of the new composer, Saint-Saëns, and much of the available (!) music by Wagner.

—The *BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB*, we are sorry to learn, have made so many engagements elsewhere, that they cannot promise another series of their admirable Chamber concerts, which proved so gratifying to the beat music-lovers last year, although (as for Boston) not remunerative. They will assist, however, in various concerts of the higher order now and then, besides playing before some of the Lecture crowds. Truly this peripatetic policy (perhaps necessity) of so many of our best musicians who compose the several Quintet Clubs, is a serious injury to good music here at home. Why cannot Boston furnish steady occupation and support for at least one organization of the kind? And then such men would be available for a permanent good orchestra.

Mme. ESSAPOFF, the Russian pianist, who, we are told on excellent authority, takes rank above all the lady pianists now in Europe, is to give three concerts in the Boston Music Hall in the latter part of December.

This is the fall season for *Free Organ Recitals*. Mr. EUGENE THAYER gave his ninety-third last Wednesday at the Old South Church, on Boylston St., assisted by Miss Slocum, with this programme:

Sixth Organ Concerto, Handel: Vorspiel—Schmidke Dicht, Bach; Sonata in C minor, op. 27, Rheinberger; Variations on Pleyel's Hymn, Gerrish; Ave Sanctissima, Eugene Thayer: Variations on Nuremberg, for two performers, Thayer.

Mr. PARKHURST, at the First Church (Berkeley and Marlboro' Streets) began on Thursday, at 4 P.M. Mr. Thayer's next will be Oct. 4, at 3 o'clock.—Meanwhile the Great Organ at the Music Hall is played every Wednesday and Saturday noon.

The vocal Clubs—the Apollo, the Boylston, the Foster Club, etc.—are getting their voices into practice again; and we hope that "The Cecilia" will soon follow suit. We make no account as yet of those nice little quartets of singing birds (soprano and contralto) who have here their nests, but fly about the country far and near.

The many friends of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN will rejoice to learn that he will soon be back among us, and with health so far restored that we may hope, not only to hear many a fine Franz song sung as only he can sing them, but to welcome his genial face and his inspiring influence again in some of his old posts of influence.

More anon. The list is by no means complete.

Letters from New York and Philadelphia too late for this week.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The festival occasions of the Worcester County Musical Association, to be held during the first week in October at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, will consist of five concerts and three matinées. The dates and programmes of the concerts and talent assisting are as follows:

First Concert—Wednesday evening, Oct. 4. Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Miss Mary H. Stone, soprano, Mr. J. C. Collins, tenor, Mrs. Flora E. Barron, contralto, Mr. William H. Macdonald, bass; accompaniments by the Philharmonic Club, and choruses by the association; also, vocal and instrumental miscellaneous selections by the above vocal artists, Philharmonic Club and grand chorus.

Second Concert—Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5. English glees, part-songs, madrigals and solos, by the English Glee Club of New York; Miss Henrietta Beebe, soprano, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, tenor, Miss Louisa A. Finch, mezzo soprano, Mr. George Ellard, tenor, Mrs. Anna Holbrook Rosan, contralto, Mr. W. C. Bird, baritone, Mr. George E. Aiken, bass, and Mr. C. Florio, accompanist; choruses by the association.

Third Concert—Thursday evening, Oct. 5. Miscellaneous selections by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Louisa A. Finch, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, full English Glee Club, and chorus of the association.

Fourth Concert—Friday afternoon, Oct. 6. Grand symphony concert; symphony and other instrumental selections, by the Germania Orchestra (thirty performers), assisted by Miss Matilda Phillips, contralto, Mr. John Orth, pianist.

Fifth Concert—Friday evening, Oct. 6. Handel's "Joshua;" Miss Clara Doria, soprano, Miss Matilda Phillips, contralto, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, tenor, Mr. John F. Winch, bass, great chorus of the association, with full accompaniment by the Germania Orchestra and great organ.

The matinées will be given on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2, 3, and 4.

The performers at the matinées will be principally of the membership of the association. Morning sessions will be held daily during the continuance of the festival for rehearsal of the chorus music, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn and Mr. B. D. Allen.

MME. ESSIPOFF, the Russian pianist, who was so successful in London last Winter, will come to this country during the Autumn. She was born at St. Petersburg in 1852, her father being a counsellor of the court, and a distinguished musical amateur. At the age of 13 she was entered at the Conservatory of St. Petersburg (of which An'ou Rubinstein was the director), where she gained the highest honors. After the completion of her studies she made her debut in Germany in 1872, playing in Brunswick, Hanover, Leipzig, and Magdeburg. Later she played in Paris and Berlin, after which, her reputation being fully established, she returned to Russia. Mme. Essipoff is said to have an extraordinary memory, playing always without notes, while her repertory comprises more than 200 pieces, including most of the great works of Bach, Handel, and other classical composers. She is also said to be a remarkable interpreter of Chopin, having a very pure technique; and although her execution is extremely bold, and she plays with rare dash and spirit, she never passes the limits prescribed by the severest taste. She will sail from Europe for this country Oct. 21.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE MASON RECITALS. The following list of works performed in various cities in the interior of New York, during the past summer, at musical conventions, festivals, etc., by Mr. WILLIAM MASON, certainly shows a great improvement in the general taste, to which programmes of so high an order are acceptable. In one city Mr. Mason gave nine piano forte recitals, playing at the ninth entirely from Schumann's composition. Here is the repertoire:

George Frederick Handel.	1684—1759.
Air à la Bourrée.	
Suite in F minor. (No. 8)—1. Prélude; 2. Fuga;	
3. Allemande; 4. Courante; 5. Gigue.	
Chaconne in F.	
John Sebastian Bach.	1685—1750.
Gavotte in D.	
Gavotte à la musette.	
Christopher Gluck.	1714—1787.
Gavotte from Don Juan.	
Ludwig von Beethoven.	1770—1827.
Op. 7—Grand Sonate in E flat.	
13—Sonate pathétique in C minor.	
26—Sonate in A flat.	
25—(No. 2) Sonata (Moonlight).	
110—Sonata in A flat.	
Franz Schubert.	1797—1828.
Op. 90—Elegie.	
124—(No. 2) Impromptu.	
Minuet in B minor.	
Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	1809—1847.
Op. 14—Rondo capriccioso.	
62—(No. 6) Spring song in A.	
67—(No. 4) Spinning song in C.	
Prelude in E minor ("Notre temps" set.)	
Robert Schumann.	1810—1856.
Op. 12—Fantasiestücke.	
No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7,	
No. 8, No. 9.	
Op. 15—Kinderszenen.	
16—Kreisleriana.	
No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6.	

Op. 18—Arabeske in C.

19—Blumenstücke.

21—Novellinen.

No. 1 in F, No. 6 in A, No. 7 in E.

Op. 23—(No. 4) Nocturnes.

26—"Carnival at Vienna.

(5 numbers).

Op. 27—(No. 2) Romance in F sharp.

28—" " 1 " " "

49—" 1 Fantasiestücke in A.

124—Schlummerlied.

Frederic Choron. 1810—1849.

Op. 7—(No. 1) Mazurka.

10—" 12 Etude in C minor.

15—" 1 Nocturne in F.

15—" 2 Nocturne in F sharp.

17—" 1 Mazurka.

18—Waltz in E flat.

24—(No. 1) Mazurka.

24—" 4 Mazurka.

26—Polonaise in C sharp minor.

28—(No. 15) Prélude in D flat.

29—Impromptu in A flat.

32—(No. 2) Nocturne in A flat.

33—" 2 Mazurka.

34—" 1 Waltz in A flat.

34—" 2 Waltz in A.

35—Marche Funèbre.

37—(No. 2) Nocturne in G.

40—" 1 Polonaise in A.

42—Waltz in A flat.

47—Ballade in A.

48—(No. 1) Nocturne in C minor.

50—" 1 Mazurka.

50—" 2 Mazurka.

55—" 1 Nocturne in F minor.

59—" 2 Mazurka.

64—" 1 Waltz in D flat.

64—" 2 Waltz, C sharp minor.

Romance from E minor concerto.

Franz Liszt. 1811—

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12, in C sharp minor.

Chant Polonoise (Chopin).

Sigismund Thalberg. 1812—1871.

Romance, sans paroles.

Adolph Henselt. 1814—

Etude Si oliseau j'étais.

Joachim Raff. 1822—

Op. 123—(No. 1) Gavotte.

126—" 1 Minuet.

130—" 2 Etude Melodique.

137—" 2 L'Alensse.

187—" 3 Erinnerung an Venedig (Taubenfutterung).

Anton Rubinstein. 1830—

Baurelle in G.

Melodie in F.

Scholz. Concert Polonaise.

NEW YORK. Dr. Leopold Damrosch succeeds the lamented Bergmann as Conductor of the Philharmonic Society. The programme for the season will doubtless soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile we read the queer intelligence that the Society "will give Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelungen,' in instrumental form (!), next season."

Mr. THEODORE THOMAS announces "that the tenth season of the Symphony Concerts will begin Saturday evening, October 28. Mr. Thomas will combine with his orchestra, this winter, a chorus of picked voices, which he intends to make permanent. In arranging programmes for symphony concerts, the difficulty has always been, to find such vocal numbers as would lend variety, without disturbing the unity of the programme. To overcome this difficulty, the chorus will be organized, and Mr. Thomas hopes in time to make it, in point of execution, a worthy co-worker with the orchestra. By this combination a number of shorter works for chorus and orchestra, written for this class of concerts, can be presented to the subscribers, and the programmes made more varied, while the strict character of the symphony concerts is preserved."—*American Art Journal*.

From the "Home Notes" of the *Music Trade Review* we take the following items:

The rehearsals of the Oratorio Society of New York will commence on September 18. "Elijah," "The Messiah," one of Bach's cantatas, "The Creation," and some new choral works by living composers, will be interpreted during the season.

Mr. Adolf Neuendorff will give a series of six Sunday concerts at Steinway Hall, in aid of as many charitable institutions, commencing on November 5 and occurring thereafter, respectively, on December 10, January 14, February 18, March 25, and April 29. At these entertainments Mr. Neuendorff will interpret, with the co-operation of an orchestra of sixty instrumentalists, and the full chorus of the New Yorker Saengerklub, excerpts from "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the complete score of which, we learn, he has brought from Bayreuth, where he assisted at the performances of the trilogy. Mr. Neuendorff further makes known that he will give representations of "Der Fliegende Holländer" at the Academy of Music, on December 25, 26, 28, and 30, and on January 1 and 2; we shall surely not waste away the winter in a fruitless longing for a hearing of Herr Wagner's works.

Rehearsals preparatory to the performance of "Il Vassallo Fantasma"—Wagner's "Flying Dutchman"—will begin in about a week. The opera will be brought out under the direction of Mr. G. Carleberg, and Mme. Pipenbogen will personate Senta. The co-operation of a company of adequate talent and numbers, of a strong chorus, and of a highly proficient orchestra is promised.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

In the Month of Flowers. (Bel Amour.) G. 2. E to E. Molloy. 35

"In a flow'ry mead, his horse he staid,
Where the sheep were watched by a blue
eyed maid."

A marvellously sweet ballad, with a little French refrain. "Aimer O bel amour. Aimer toujours."

Hayes and Wheeler rallying Song. Song and Chorus. Ab. 2. c to E. Thompson. 30

"No North, no South, no East, no West."
A spirited campaign song.

Who'll weep for me when I am gone?

Song and Chorus. Bb. 3. d to F. Pratt. 30

"Who'll speak one gentle word of praise."
Fine music and good poetry, the latter by Geo. Cooper.

Come to the Heart that is thine! From Evangeline. Ab. 3. E to g. 40

"Come to me quickly, my darling."

From the very popular, whimsical and most amusing musical drama mentioned above. Picture title.

Rose of Tennessee. Song and Chorus. F. 2. c to F. Danks. 30

"The summer days were brightest
When my love was by my side."
A pretty ballad of the "Darling Nelly Gray" order.

My Heart still lingers here. Song and Chorus. Bb. 3. F to g. Geary. 30

"Dream, love, my sweet love,
Ah, dream, love, of me."
Very beautiful and effective.

Hayes and Wheeler! Hurrah! Song and Quartet or Chorus. A. 3. E to F. Perkins. 35

Three arrangements. Can be sung as Solo and Chorus, as a chorus (for mixed voices) and as a chorus or quartet for male voices, in which last case, it is in the key of Bb.

Instrumental.

Madame Pompadour's Favorite Minuet. C. 3. La Roche. 40

Quaint and beautiful. A kind of piece that would make an excellent portion of one of the best sonatas.

Heart Secrets. Salon Piece. G. 3. Popp. 40

There may not be much in a name, but the bliss which invariably follows a "pop" in this world, is finely indicated in this music, which is very pleasing.

March of the Blues and Grays. F. 2. French. 30

Composed for a Richmond company, which includes soldiers of the "grey" and "blue" orders. Good company and first rate march.

Sail on! Valse brillante. G. 3. Knight. 39

Bright as a jewel. Sail into it.

Our Regiment. Quick March. Eb. 3. Knight. 30

Quick March is another name for Quickstep. Any regiment will step the lighter for the playing of this super-brilliant march.

Centennial Polka. Lith. Title. D. 3. Krakauer. 40

Of great brilliancy and "snap." Cannot fail to please. View of the great Centennial Building on title.

Hamilton Mazourka. Bb. 2. Erwin. 30

An easy and graceful Mazurka.

Light Spring. Polka (Hoch hinauf.) F. 2. Heyer. 30

Very merry. Nimble feet cannot keep still when it is played.

101" March. G. 2. Faust. 30

The strange title arises from the fact, that it is Opus 101 of Faust's compositions. Also, perhaps, from the fact that it is 101 times as good as some tame and insipid compositions.

Chasing the Deer. (Jagdstück.) G. 3. Koelling. 50

A little more difficult than (3) when rapidly played. Very wide-awake hunter's melody.

ABBREVIATIONS. Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C, b, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, b on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

